

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

November 1937

"I Serve"





IN PUERTO RICO

Students in Central High School, Santurce, Puerto Rico, sent this painting to the Wiley High School in Terre Haute, Indiana. They said of this picture and one accompanying it,

"We are sending you pictures representing scenes of our island. This one is a 'jibaro' (a country laborer) driving his ox cart. We hope it gives you an idea of the beauties of our island."

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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The Violet Tree

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Illustrations by Edna Potter

THE night after Luis discovered the purple tree he could not sleep. That may have been because through his veins coursed the blood of a Spanish ancestor who had been an artist. There, too, flowed an inheritance from the Indians of Puerto Rico, who had dwelt—no one knows how long—in surroundings of beauty.

Luis did not understand why he was so happy. He only knew that he liked to lie still in his hammock and remember the thing he had seen—a whole tree filled with purple blossoms—like violets, only larger. Never in his life had Luis seen such a tree.

He had come upon it unexpectedly in a ravine, while he was searching for a new kind of orchid for the American señorita to paint. And he had promptly sat down on the trunk of a fallen palm and had stared at the new-found tree for hours. As for the orchid, he would come and search for that—mañana. Mañana, Spanish for tomorrow, is a word used constantly in Puerto Rico. Everything will be done—mañana.

As Luis lay with closed eyes remembering the Violet Tree, the coquis stopped their singing—ko-kee, ko-kee, ko-kee. A screech owl called, a trembling little call, sounding not unlike the gurgling fall of water.

Finally even the cricket's fiddling seemed to grow fainter and fainter. Luis was asleep and dreaming of the Violet Tree. Only when the mourning doves murmured to each other, did he wake. Tomorrow was Today!

He would go back alone, he planned, and spend all that day, just looking at the Violet

Tree. As for the orchid, mañana would be time enough to search for one.

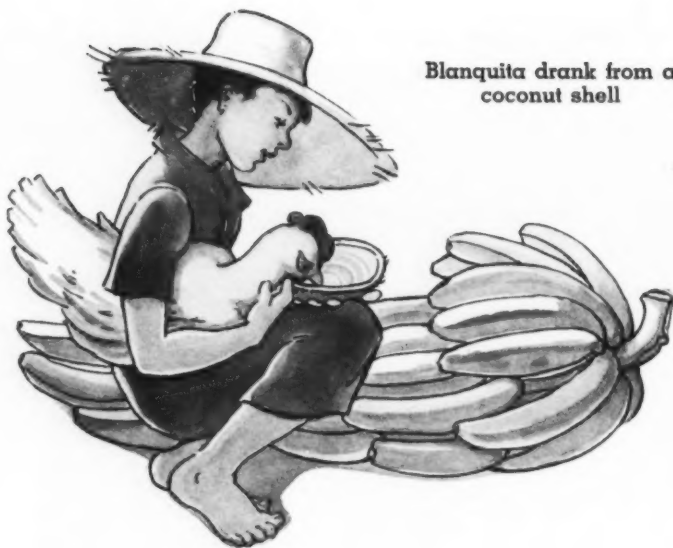
There weren't any duties about the thatched *bohio* in which Luis had slept to delay him. The single-room dwelling was built on stilts, just as the Puerto Rican Indians had built them long ago, to keep out the small things that scurried over the ground. The roof and the walls were of palm fiber. A lizard with a swelling orange throat paused on one wall to look at Luis. The furniture consisted of three sleeping-hammocks, one for Luis and one each for his father and mother. And these were woven from the fiber of a tree.

The cooking was done outside over a square tin filled with charcoal, and that cooking was simple. It consisted mostly of beans and rice boiled together, though sometimes tropical vegetables were added, or codfish. And there was fruit to be had for the gathering. Just now a bunch of bananas was ripening on a pole outside the hut, so Luis had some for his breakfast. He had coffee, too, which his mother gave him. And that was all.

Luis' father had already departed for his work in the cane fields.

Luis had one duty to do, however. He must give his white hen, Blanquita, a drink of water. For although the brook gurgled near, Blanquita always drank from the half-a-coconut shell which Luis offered her. Tucked under the boy's arm though she was, she managed it quite deftly.

After Blanquita had taken as much water as she wished, Luis was ready to set off again to the ravine where the Violet Tree grew. He



Blanquita drank from a coconut shell

told himself again that mañana was time enough to discover an orchid for the American señorita.

Luis knew the señorita would enjoy, more than anything else, seeing the Violet Tree. For she loved to paint beautiful trees as well as flowers. Luis had seen the picture the señorita had painted of the tree with the great cup-like flowers of red, which she called the African tulip. That picture was hanging on the wall in the beautiful house where the señorita dwelt. Luis had watched her, too, the day she had put a long lane of flamboyants on canvas. The flamboyant was a beautiful tree. To walk through that lane of trees in blossom was like walking through a scarlet light. Even the ground beneath one's feet was splashed with their brilliant blossoms.

But the flamboyant, thought Luis, with satisfaction, was not as lovely as the Violet Tree. *That* was the loveliest thing in the world. And he would keep it for his very own.

"Luis, Luis," came the call.

And there was the American señorita herself, dressed in khaki knickers and shirt, and coming toward the thatched *bohio*. She was wearing the little red silken scarf at her throat. She always wore that.

Once the señorita told him her mother made it—that it was the last thing her mother had given her.

She said no more, but Luis understood of course that the señorita's mother had gone to heaven. Heaven, said Luis' mother, was a beautiful place.

Luis wondered if any place was more

beautiful than Puerto Rico.

"Luis," said the señorita, who wasn't really many years older than Luis himself, though she seemed quite grown up to him, "I want to paint something new today, something particularly lovely. Did you find a new orchid for me? Or did you see anything else you think I would have liked?"

Luis twisted his toe in the mud. "I didn't find an orchid," he said. But he never breathed a word about the Violet Tree. That was his—no one else's, just his, to be gazed upon every day as long as the purple flowers made it a thing of beauty.

"Perhaps I shall find an orchid," said Luis. He started to add, "mañana." But the señorita fell in step beside him. She expected it *today*.

"I will help you," she said.

Behind them, quite unknown to both, Blanquita stepped daintily along the dusty road. And when the two left the road and turned up a little winding path, Blanquita followed.

"Be careful," cautioned Luis. "Sometimes the rocks fall here." Just then there came a crashing above them.

Luis snatched the señorita quickly to one side. And then he saw Blanquita. The hen was standing quite still, her head cocked upward, and right above her rolled the great rock.

Blanquita saw it evidently at the very moment Luis called. But she spread her wings too late to help much, though she managed one awkward jump, just before the stone rolled by. Then Blanquita also rolled over and over.

When the stone and Blanquita stopped rolling, the hen started to her feet, and then paused—a look of bewilderment, it seemed, on her feathered face. And great fear was in her squawk.

Luis and the señorita reached her together.

Very, very gently Luis picked the hen up and laid her on his lap. Then, big boy though he was, he nearly cried himself. For Blanquita's left leg was broken.

"Blanquita is the only thing I have," Luis explained in Spanish, which the señorita understood as well as, perhaps even better than, his curious English. "The only thing, except . . ." Then Luis closed his mouth. He

had almost said, "except the Violet Tree."

The señorita looked at Luis and understood his affection for Blanquita. It is always easy to tell when people are very fond of their pets. "I think I can fix the leg, Luis," she said, feeling in her pocket for her handkerchief. "I will put a splint on it, and in a little while, it will probably be all right."

But there was no handkerchief in the señorita's pocket. There was only her sketch book. Without success then the American girl tried to tear a piece from her sleeve.

Luis was looking hopeful. But now it was the señorita's turn to hesitate. There was nothing from which she could tear strips to fashion a splint—except the silken scarf, the one her mother had made.

She started to say she could not fix the splint for Blanquita's leg, after all. But Luis' eyes still turned trustfully toward her. Suddenly the girl took the scarf from her neck.

And before Luis knew what was happening she had torn a strip from it and was binding some straight twigs on each side of Blanquita's leg.

"Señorita! It is the scarf your mother made!" said Luis, protestingly.

"'Friendship,' mother said, 'means sharing,'" explained the señorita without looking up.

"There," she declared, finally setting Blanquita on the ground. Blanquita stood stiffly, and then gave a cluck or two, which seemed to mean that she was feeling much better.

Luis picked a bright red berry, a fresia, and held it in his hand. Blanquita gobbled it greedily.

"She is all right now," said Luis, picking the hen up, and tucking her under his arm.

Luis stood still in the path for a moment thinking. Then he said briskly, "Let's go and see something I have found."

Having decided, he couldn't get to the ravine quickly enough. The señorita had all she could do to keep up with him.

But when he rounded a certain corner, Luis stopped. Then he called back to the girl. "Shut your eyes and I will lead you."

Obediently the señorita closed her eyes. And when she opened them she was looking on the loveliest thing in all Puerto Rico, a tree which is found nowhere else in the world, it is thought. She was looking on a tree so filled with purple flowers that the whole tree seemed purple, mistily purple. The flowers themselves were like violets,

only a little larger, and the tree was like a great bouquet in the midst of the tropical forest filled with beautiful trees.

"I found it yesterday," said Luis. "I thought I would keep it a secret always." Then he added, a little shyly, "But you said friendship means sharing." And he looked down at Blanquita's bandaged leg.

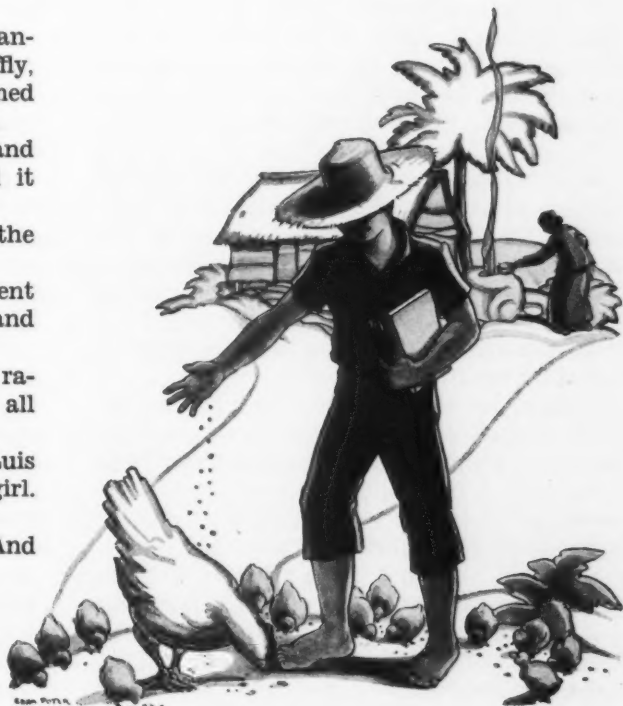
All the señorita could say was "Oh! Oh! Oh!" For she felt just as Luis had felt when he first saw the tree.

Luis had placed Blanquita on the ground. She didn't say a thing. Instead she ate a worm.

But when Luis and the señorita were ready to go home—Luis with his eyes filled with beauty, and the señorita with her sketchbook filled with drawings, there under the violet tree was Blanquita's gift, a beautiful ivory-colored egg. Luis picked it up, and with a courtly bow, gave it to the señorita.

"Blanquita knows that friendship means sharing, too," he said.

Then happily, the three went home—Luis and Blanquita to the thatched *bohio* by the mango tree—for Blanquita stayed inside the palm-thatched hut that night; the American



The last time I saw her, she had a family of yellow chickens and one duckling

señorita to the big house surrounding a patio.

Mañana the señorita would return to paint the Violet Tree. And because of what he had discovered, on another mañana there would be for Luis an open door—to school, where he, too, could learn to paint beautiful things. The señorita's father would make all this possible.

As for Blanquita, she quite recovered, and the last time I saw her, she had a family of

twelve yellow chickens and one duckling.

And the scarf? Luis' mother laundered carefully the piece which had been wrapped about Blanquita's yellow leg. And with clever stitches, she fastened it back on the scarf, so that it looked as lovely as before.

It would almost seem that the Violet Tree held, besides blossoms, a peculiar magic which it shared quite freely.

Two Boys and Their Machine

MARY PORTER RUSSELL

ONE afternoon, about thirty years ago, a boy straightened up from his task of picking cotton on his father's farm, and stretched his body in an effort to ease the ache in his back. He was a fine-looking boy, alert for all his weariness, sturdy, and deeply tanned. Before him the field of cotton reached almost as far as he could see. The bursting bolls were like thousands of huge popcorns under the Texas sun. It was a scene John Rust loved, when he was not too tired. But he was in no mood today to note its beauty.

As he bent again to picking, he could think only of the back-breaking labor of gathering these endless fluffs of white. This was not work for human beings—it was work a machine should do. Machines had relieved man of many other kinds of drudgery. Why not of this, also?

It was not long before John had decided that he, himself, would some day invent such a machine. He thought of it from day to day in the cotton fields, as he watched the bent backs of the other pickers. He thought of it on the long winter evenings, when cotton-picking days were gone, and there was time to sit before the fire and dream.

Finally, he told his plan to his brother, Mack. Mack was eight years younger than John, but already he had gathered plenty of the beautiful white crop. He knew that it was hard work, not fun, as some children believe from roadside glimpses of families of Negroes, singing and calling to each other as they fill the great bags they drag after them. Both John and Mack liked machinery; enjoyed taking all sorts of things apart and putting them together again. Excitedly they talked of their coming invention.

When John was sixteen years old, and Mack eight, their parents died. Mack was sent to

live with an older sister, while John set out to make his way in the world. He worked as a harvest hand in the West, and later as a mechanic, fascinated by the tractors and combines. The invention of a mechanical cotton picker was always in his mind, and he took a correspondence course in engineering and mechanical drawing to help him.

But he wanted Mack to have a real education, and insisted, as the younger boy grew up, that he should go to college. So Mack went to the University of Texas, working as a night watchman in a bank to pay his way. He studied mechanical engineering.

That is the story lying back of the Rust cotton picker, which may turn out to be one of the greatest inventions of our time, and bring changes into the lives of millions of people in the southern states. The idea on which the machine is based was John's, but Mack helped to develop it. They have worked together on the machine for many years, and are still finding ways to improve it.

A successful cotton-picking machine has been the dream of more inventors than you would ever guess. The problem has been a hard one, because the cotton bolls open at different times; so that the fields have to be picked more than once. The plants and green bolls must not be injured when the fibers are picked from the ripe bolls. That is asking a great deal of a machine. More than nine hundred mechanical pickers have been patented during the last hundred years, only to prove failures when tested.

But here, at last, is a machine that seems really to work. Many experts believe that it is ready to put into widespread use at once. Others say that it will have to be further improved before it can take the place of hand labor. They point out that it drops some of

the bolls on the ground, that it picks up too much trash and leaves, and that it is too big for hilly farms.

"Anyhow, it's a better cotton picker than the first Ford was a car," says Mack Rust.

The machine looks like nothing so much as a great, gangling bug. Pulled by a tractor, it straddles a row of cotton plants, combing through the bolls with hundreds of smooth steel spindles, which are carried around and around on a belt. The green bolls are unharmed but, because the spindles are wet, the dry fluffy fibers of the ripe bolls stick to them. The cotton is then stripped from the spindles mechanically, and placed in a bag at the side of the machine. At once the spindles are re-dampened, and sent on their rounds for more cotton.

John Rust's first idea was to use barbed spindles to pick up the cotton. But he could think of no way to get it off of them—to say nothing of what the barbs might do to the green bolls.

One night, when he was lying awake in bed, he happened to remember how dew would make the fibers cling to his fingers when he picked cotton as a boy. He jumped up from his bed, found a long nail and moistened it. Then he turned the nail around in a boll of cotton. The cotton stuck. But, as the nail dried, the cotton fell off easily—which was exactly what he wanted. He recalled, then, that his grandmother always moistened the spindle of her spinning wheel to make the cotton stick to it. It was in this way that he came upon the main idea for his invention.

On a hot day in September, 1936, the machine was demonstrated on a Mississippi plantation. A group of Negro cotton pickers gathered around to watch the monster work. Their mouths fell wide open as they saw metal fingers sweep through the bolls, picking the white fibers faster than a hundred human hands. It meant that they and other cotton pickers of the South would be spared this labor in years to come. Yet how could they help feeling more afraid than happy? If machines took their jobs, then how would they live?

This question always arises when new machinery is invented to take the place of human labor. Usually the machinery makes life better for all of us, in the long run. It makes prices come down; so that we may have more



Mack Rust, one of the inventors of the mechanical cotton-picker

clothes and conveniences for our money. It creates new kinds of employment. But the laborers thrown out of work often suffer greatly before they can find new jobs.

When the spinning jenny and the power loom were invented, the displaced workers were so angry that they went around breaking up the machinery, and even threatening the inventors. Yet both these machines were very important to the welfare of the world.

Before this time, spinning and weaving had been such slow processes that little cotton or other raw material was needed. People simply had to do with fewer clothes. But now the textile mills began calling for more and more cotton—a crop which not many farmers at that time cared to grow, because of the tedious labor of separating the fiber from the seed by hand.

One afternoon a group of people were seated on the lawn of a Georgia plantation discussing the situation. "Why don't you invent a machine to separate the cotton from the seed, Eli?" asked the mistress of the plantation, turning to a young man who had come down from Massachusetts to tutor her children.

"From the way you repair my children's toys, you should be able to do anything!"

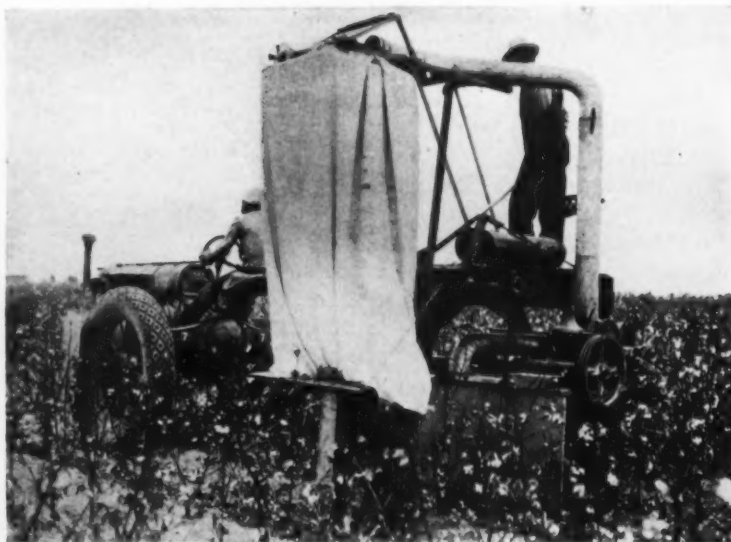
"I wouldn't know a cottonseed if I saw one," he answered. And, because he was so new to the South, they all laughed.

But the next day Eli Whitney went out to the cotton sheds and watched the Negroes picking out seed with their fingers. He became interested, and in 1794 patented his famous cotton gin. He called the machine a "cotton gin," and it has always been known by that name.

Now that the fiber could be separated from the seed so easily, everyone with suitable land wanted to grow cotton. Huge cotton plantations spread out all over the South. Thousands of new slaves were brought into the country to cultivate and harvest the crop. Soon the southern states were raising nearly all the cotton used in the world. Whitney's cotton gin had created the Old South, just as the Rust cotton picking machine seems about to create a New South.

Up until the present, the South has continued to produce cotton in the same way for more than a hundred years. In other sections of the country, many kinds of improved farm machinery have been put into use. But few of the cotton growers, except in the Southwest, use even tractors to cultivate the land. Without a mechanical cotton picker, they have not needed other kinds of machinery. This is because the workers who must be kept for cotton picking are on hand, anyhow, at other seasons of the year, and the farm owners find it cheaper to let these workers cultivate the land with mules and plows than to buy machinery.

Under the share-cropper system, which grew up in the South after the days of slavery, the greater part of the farm work is done by tenant farmers, or share croppers. White and Negro farmers who own no land work for land owners in return for a place to live and a share of the crops they raise. At cotton picking time, their wives and their children, big and small, join them from dawn to dusk in the white fields.



The cotton-picking machine in action

WIDE WORLD

Cotton-picking machinery will do away with the share-cropper system, and no one will be sorry to see it go, for it does not belong in our modern world. The only trouble is, what will become of the thousands of share-croppers who will no longer be needed?

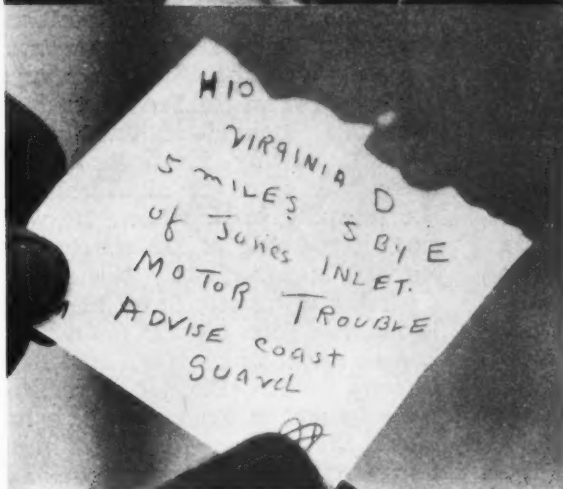
A government expert, who has been studying the problem, believes that the machinery will be put into use so gradually that it will not bring great distress. "The machinery needs to be tried out on a small scale," he says, "and further improved."

In that case, new industries may spring up in the South in time to take care of the extra cotton workers. Other recent inventions may create as many jobs as the cotton picker will take away. If the change to picking cotton by machinery comes slowly, ways may be found to fit the former share croppers for these new kinds of employment. The McCormick reaper took work away from many wheat cradlers, but think how it reduced the price of bread. The automobile cut down the raising of hay and horses, but think of the thousands of jobs it has made.

But, whether the change comes slowly or fast, the Rust brothers are determined that their invention must not bring sorrow to the poor cotton pickers they have wanted all their lives to help. Their machine may some day bring in many millions of dollars, but they want for themselves only enough of this money to take care of their needs. The rest is to be spent in helping the displaced workers into new and happier lives.



Pigeon Wireless



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Fishing boats which have no wireless often use carrier pigeons to send for aid. If motor trouble develops, a pigeon is set free carrying a message to shore. When the pigeon arrives at the loft he automatically rings a bell notifying the man on duty, who telephones to the Coast Guard, who in turn set out to aid the boat





Stamps from Austria



THE stamps that came through Red Cross National Headquarters in albums from Austria seemed to us so interesting that we asked our good friend, Dr. Wilhelm Viola, head of the Austrian Junior Red Cross, to tell us something about them. He not only did that, but got for us from his national post office department all the stamps valid in his country in May, the time of his letter. They appear on these two pages.

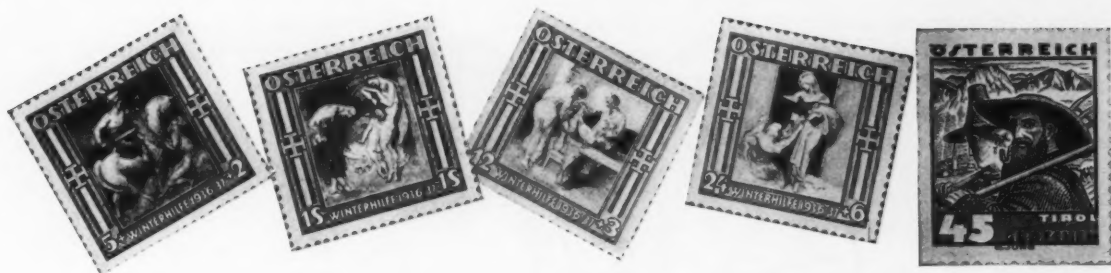
On the left-hand side, at the top of the page, is the stamp for the late Dr. Engelbert Dolfuss, formerly Chancellor of Austria. Then come the peasant costume stamps down the side, across the bottom of this page, and down the right-hand side of the opposite page. If you look closely, you will see the name of Georg Jung, the artist who designed these stamps as well as the names of the provinces represented.

Burgenland is the easternmost province. Its name means land of castles, from its many famous old strongholds of barons of the Middle Ages. The one back of the woman's head is Forchtenstein. The man is dressed in cowboy costume. Cattle are raised on the upland pastures of this province.

The man from Lower Austria is a grape grower, and holds a siphon and wineglass. In the background are

ruins of the castle of Aggstein, which was once owned by a cruel baron, called "The Terror of the Forest." He exposed his captives on a great rock overhanging a precipice, and they took their choice of slow starvation or suicide by jumping into the abyss. In Lower Austria also is the castle of Durnstein, where Richard the Lion Hearted of England was imprisoned for a time in the twelfth century. According to an old French troubadour tale, Richard's faithful page, Blondel, seeking his lost master everywhere, came one night beneath the frowning castle walls. He was singing the song of his search and Richard, standing at the tiny slit of a window in his cell, heard him and joined in. Then Blondel fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Oh, Richard! Oh, my King!" Blondel told Richard's friends in England where he was so that they might ransom him. The woman carries a prayerbook and wears the beautiful headdress of the Wachau district of Lower Austria, the most romantic part of the Danube Valley. This was the way the Nibelungs went on their way to Hungary and there are many old ruins. In the spring the Wachau is filled with blossoming fruit trees and vines, and in the autumn it is sweet with the smell of ripe grapes, and rings with songs and laughter as they are harvested.





Next come costumes of Salzburg. The man is a woodcutter of the mountains. Back of the woman is a picture of the old fortress which overlooks the capital city, Salzburg. Mozart was born in Salzburg, which is now famous all over the world for the wonderful festival of music and drama given there every summer. The man from Styria (Steiermark) is in hunter's costume. This is called the "green province" and has many beautiful lakes and mountains. The Tyrol, too, is famous for its mountain scenery and its skiing. The 60-groschen stamp shows an engaged couple of Vorarlberg. The man on the 4-groschen stamp is of Carinthia (Karnten) and is dressed up to take invitations to a wedding. Carinthia is famous for its songs and its romances.

In the background is the church of Heiligenblut (sacred blood) to which pilgrims come from far and near.

The woman on the Upper Austria stamp wears the lovely golden head-dress for which women of Linz are famous. The most beautiful part of Upper Austria is the Salzkammergut. It gets its name from its salt (salz) mines, which have been worked for hundreds of years.

Stamps at the bottom of the page represent Austrian inventors and

technical engineers: Carl von Auer-Welsbach, with his gas burner; Joseph Werndl, with the gun he invented in the last century; Robert von Lieben, inventor of the sound magnifying valve so important to the modern radio; Viktor Kaplan, with his low-pressure, high velocity turbine; Karl Ritter von Ghega, builder of the first mountain railway in Europe; and Joseph Ressel, who built the first screw steamer.

The stamps at the top of the left-hand page are in honor of the working people of Austria. Those at the top of the right-hand page are for Austria's 1936-37 winter relief work. Do you notice that the first one shows St. Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar? St. Martin's Day, November 11, is observed in many countries as a sort of end-of-harvest and thanksgiving day. The stamps are used for postage, only they cost a little more than other postage stamps. The extra goes to the government for its winter aid to the poor. Most of this winter relief is undertaken for poor people who have been so long out of work that they can not draw any unemployment insurance. The stamps are greatly prized by collectors.

Long lines form at the post offices on the day they are issued.





Friend Wanted

MARIA VAN VROOMAN

Illustrations by Constance Whitemore

MONDAY morning!

Hilma sat up as straight as possible at her desk, and tried to forget the five long days of school ahead. A happy Saturday and Sunday, then round came Monday morning as usual. It was always harder for Hilma to come back to school again after each week-end spent in Eastport with her cousins. They were Finnish like herself; so with them she didn't have that horrid left-out feeling.

"Of course," Hilma tried to say philosophically to herself, "if I wasn't the only Finnish girl in the whole school, it might be different. But I guess I'm just a—a curiosity."

The rural school was small. There were seventeen pupils in Hilma's grade, and not more than a hundred families in the entire village. Hilma's mother liked their cheerful white cottage with its vegetable and flower garden better than the dingy houses in town. Big Eastport, only a few miles away, was a bustling city full of smoke. The fishing fleet anchored there, and Hilma's father went out with the boats every three weeks. All of the fishermen were either Finns or Portuguese. Most of them stayed in Eastport to be close to the ships. But Hilma's family lived in the rural district where rents were less than in town.

Hilma loved Eastport. The city itself was big and sprawly, scrambling up Cove Hill to the Finnish church with its North Star on the steeple to guide the fishermen far out at sea.

On dark nights it was lighted as a beacon. There was always something to see down about the wharves where masts rose like a dense forest. Hilma would have given almost anything to live in Eastport near the cousins, but only on week-ends did she see them, and her mother liked to live here in this village with her flowers and shrubs, and away from the odor of the sardine factory.

Hilma sighed and tried to concentrate on what teacher was saying. If she did well in the grade school, mama said, one day she could go to Eastport High where there were lots of Finnish girls like herself.

"Get out your geographies," said Miss Parker as she looked down at a list of names on her desk. Miss Parker was the grade's new teacher. She had just come to the school, and wasn't so sure who was who. She called names for recitation from the roll, and put check marks after those who knew their lessons. "Turn to page twenty-one. Read the definition of plateau, and we will talk about it."

Hilma closed her eyes a minute, and the thick fringe of lashes cast a shadow above her round pink cheeks. Hilma's nose was delightfully peppered with golden freckles just the color of her brows. Her hair was a creamy blonde above deepset, thoughtful eyes, and a sensitive mouth. When she smiled, her expression was so full of good humor and merri-ment that anyone could see what a jolly play-mate she'd be. But no one in school ever saw

her smile; only her family and the Finnish cousins knew how jolly she could look.

Miss Parker read from the geography.

Hilma dreamed. Soon recess would come and she would have to pretend not to care if the other girls ignored her, or the boys called out "Fishy Finn!" Hilma sat with her eyes tight shut, and tried to think how happy school could be if she had just one friend.

"What is a plateau, Hilma Elso?"

It was Miss Parker's voice! Hilma's eyes flew open, and she jerked erect, her yellow braids bobbing frantically. She stumbled to her feet, and felt everyone looking at her. The back of her neck was red. Her feet felt too big for her shoes; her hands fumbled at the cotton dress. Behind her Bob Butler was taunting in a hiss "Fishy Finn—ole Fishy Finn!" Her head whirled, and she felt dizzy, but she did know what a plateau was.

"Aye—aye think it's a broad flat plain up high in the air s-s-surrounded by hills or mountains," stuttered Hilma. She blushed harder as someone in the front of the room tittered over the way she pronounced "I." Miss Parker put a neat check mark after her name. She didn't know Hilma always had her work prepared, partly because she liked to get to school before Bob and his friends came. It was easier than walking through the crowd about the door. She could sit in her seat for fifteen quiet minutes, and go over her lessons peacefully before school began.

The recess bell rang now, and there was an eager shuffling of feet. Everyone but Hilma was anxious to get out and play. She would stand at the fence and watch. Once Luella Simms had offered her a chocolate cookie, way back when she first came to school. But she'd been too bashful to take it. Luella never asked her to join the other girls. They seemed to have too many secrets to laugh at among themselves to think about Hilma. Oh, how difficult school was!

After school, Hilma hurried home to the white cottage which was scrubbed so carefully each day since the Elsos had moved in three months ago. Father was away now, but mother and the two small boys were there. How good to hear mother singing an accompaniment to the slap-slap of clothes as she

washed them. How nice to have little Oley rush to throw his arms about her. Hilma pushed open the screen door.

"Ya," cried Mrs. Elso, brushing a strand of hair from her eyes as blue as Hilma's, as she turned smiling, "what you learn at school today? Good lesson you have, ya?" Ever since she had become an American citizen, Mrs. Elso had been careful to speak English, even at home.

Hilma put her books in the closet so that she would have time to compose her face. Mama was quick to see things. She bounded over to little Karl and swung him high till he squealed. Oley clattered down the stairs.

"Hilma, cut me a paper horse. I want a little horse."

"School was the same as usual, mama," said Hilma. "Shall I clean upstairs for you now?"

"Ya, that's good girl." Mrs. Elso bent over the tub again but she did not resume her song. Hilma flew upstairs with the broom, and cleaned briskly for an hour. After a good twirl with the mop and pail, the stairs wiped down, a trip to the store for mama, and a batch of bread set, she would have forgotten her unhappy day at school. Only—there was always tomorrow.

"How you like to work on Sunday dress now?" asked Mrs. Elso as she rinsed the last



"What make my little girl so slow of smile today?" she asked gently

shirt in the tub. "That pretty yarn come. Such fine dress you will have Hilma! Such nice pattern and gay colors." She looked keenly at her daughter. "Aye set bread this time. What make my little girl so slow of smile today?" she asked gently.

Hilma got the embroidery box, and spread out the lovely colors. She was happy making the new dress. She could finish it very soon, and when they went to Eastport on Sunday all the cousins would exclaim and point with delight. "No one can make wool embroidery like yours, Hilma!" they would say, examining the intricate stitches. Oh well, at least her cousins liked her.

She threaded the red yarn and did not look up.

"Why you not like this fine America where father have such good house and job with codfish boats?" persisted her mother over the tub again. "Something wrong at school?"

"I get my lessons good, mama," said Hilma hastily with a little suppressed ache. "Don't worry, mama."

Her mother began to list the dinner things. "We have a nice fish chowder, and water rolls—and a cake with aniseed like you think so good, eh Hilma?"

Hilma bent over her embroidery, and agreed without much interest.

But the next morning there was a surprise at school!

Hilma slid into her seat just as the bell stopped ringing. She had stayed home until the last minute to help mother with the cottage cheese. Everyone was in his usual place, but in the double desk which Hilma generally occupied alone was a girl with flashing black eyes and dark curls. She looked up with interest as Hilma sank down breathlessly beside her.

"Hilma," said Miss Parker, "this is Rosita Silva, our new pupil. Will you make her feel at home, and share your books with her for a few days, please?"

Rosita flashed Hilma a dazzling smile, and Hilma blinked. Someone was really acting as if she liked her! Rosita noticed Hilma's direct blue eyes, and the pleasant curves about her mouth, and her own face brightened. Here was someone who would be a fine friend—someone to whom she could confide her homesickness away from her Portuguese friends in the city. Rosita took to Hilma at once.

"Arithmetic'll be first," whispered Hilma shyly, as she handed Rosita a corner of the book to hold. "Here's a pencil."

Out in the yard at recess they were so busy talking about the fishing boats, on which Rosita's father worked also, and of Eastport, and the movies, and Saturdays in town, that it seemed hardly a minute before the bell rang, and it was time to go in again.

"Rosita—I'm so glad you've come," whispered Hilma delightedly. And Rosita nodded, and squeezed her hand hard.

As they walked home from school together, Bob Butler passed on the other side of the road. He stopped when he saw Hilma.

"Fishy Finn—ole Fishy Finn!" he began teasingly, winking at the boys with him. Hilma's face fell, and she was ready to cry. What would her new friend think of this dreadful name?

"Who's that boy?" asked Rosita boldly, her black eyes flashing over Bob from head to foot. "What's your name, boy?"

Hilma muttered, "It's Bob Butler. Come on—let's hurry." She pulled at Rosita's sleeve. "I don't care what he says——"

"Who you calling 'Fishy Finn'?" demanded Rosita saucily.

Hilma stood quivering as Rosita spoke sharply. Bob stared a minute, then laughed rudely. He pointed at Hilma and cried out, "Her! She's an ole Fishy Finn. Her papa works on the fish boats!"

"My papa does, too!" cried Rosita furiously, giving a stamp of her foot, her eyes like fire, "You stop calling my friend names, you Booby-bob, you!" And she gave Bob a push off the curb.

"Hey! Let go of me!"

"So you fight with girls, do you?" cried Rosita, yanking his tie. "Booby-bob, that's what you are!"

Two of the other boys began to shout with laughter, and Bob sidled away, looking somewhat astonished. Rosita put her arm about Hilma and glared after him. "You Booby-bob!" she shouted tauntingly.

The boys ran off, and the two girls walked on. "You've got to talk back," Rosita tossed her head. "We can make up names as well as they can."

"Ya, but I wouldn't dare," gulped Hilma admiringly.

"Maybe you haven't any brothers?" asked Rosita grinning.

"Only little ones," admitted Hilma.

"If you show you care, they tease worse," insisted Rosita. "If that Bob acts mean any more, you let me know."

Hilma thought of how she had writhed

under the teasing at school. Maybe it would be different, now Rosita had come. But suppose they had all shouted at the Portuguese girl, too? Would she have known what to do?

"Let's get our lessons together tonight," suggested Hilma quickly. If anything happened at recess tomorrow, at least there'd be the two of them.

"Oh, mother, I had the most wonderful time at school today!" Hilma rushed in gleefully. "I have a friend. A new girl that sits in the seat next to me. Her name's Rosita."

Mrs. Elso leaned on her broom and smiled. "That nice. Aye have news, too. A city lady has moved in studio house next door. She paint pictures. Aye clean good for her this morning," she finished.

"Mama!" beamed Hilma. "Did you see the pictures?"

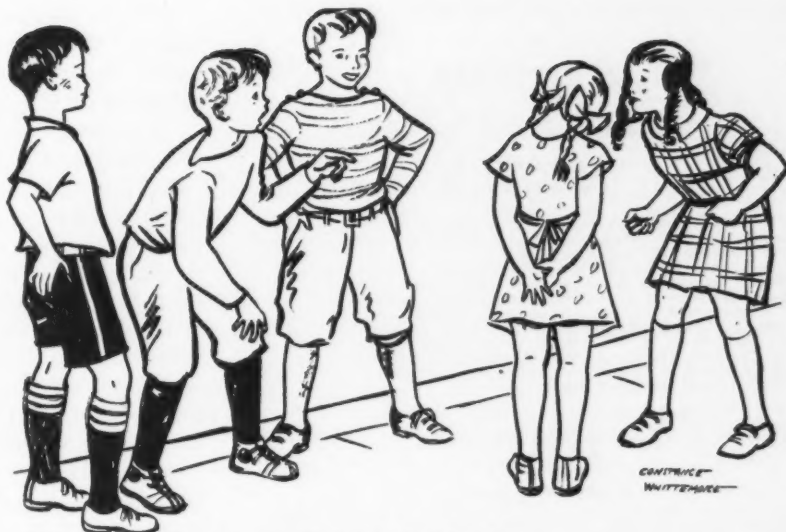
"Aye see pictures—and one was great big, of boats just like father's," went on her mother. "Big picture to go on wall of High School, she tell me. All with fishermen and houses and history of Eastport. Oh, it was wonderful, Hilma, with soft colors and blue ocean."

Hilma hummed at her breadmaking that afternoon. There was lots to tell Rosita when she came to do lessons. It was exciting.

But next day at school it was more so.

The lady artist came to visit. Miss Parker introduced her and then she said, "Children, Miss Tait has come from New York to paint a fine big mural for the High School. She will tell us all about it, and I want you to listen carefully."

"This mural painting will be a wall decoration showing something of the history of Cape Cod and the towns around here," began the artist pleasantly. "Some of the first settlers in America came to this rocky coast, you know." Miss Tait reviewed the history of the section, telling of pirates who preyed on the townspeople in early days, and of brave boats that went out to fight them; of how the factories gradually rose and crowded out the fishing business, until it was now carried on by only



"Who you calling names?" demanded Rosita

a small group of men descended from the adventurous explorers of the past.

"Ships and men were strong in the old days," finished Miss Tait, "and for many years fishing and whaling formed the principal business of this coast. And now," she said smiling, "I want to show the brave ships and the rocky coast and the old buildings on the hill in the background of the mural. But against this I wish also to put groups of people who live here now. Miss Parker says I may choose some of you to pose for those types."

The whole room was abuzz. Everyone was so excited. Miss Tait selected Sally and Luella, and then Bob Butler.

"And now to choose descendants of the brave Portuguese and the courageous Vikings who still carry on the fishing trade," she finished. "I'm sure those two girls there will be splendid, for I know one is Portuguese and the other Finnish!" And she pointed straight at Rosita and Hilma.

Bob Butler stared at Hilma as she came up front, and his mouth dropped open. "Gee! Vikings!" marveled Bob.

Luella grasped Hilma and Rosita by the hand and whispered, "Isn't it exciting?"

Hilma was so happy she could hardly breathe.

"And so you go to high school this year, ya, on wall picture?" chuckled Mrs. Elso when Hilma told her all about it.

"Oh, I don't want to leave *here*, now it's different," protested Hilma happily. "It's partly because of Rosita. But the other girls like me too—now!"

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A Letter from Australia

LAST MARCH we published in the NEWS an article called "A Happy Story of New South Wales." It told about the three homes supported by the New South Wales Juniors, in which delicate children of World War veterans may regain their health. Recently we received a letter from the editor of the New South Wales magazine:

"We enclose a little letter, which we hope you will be kind enough to forward for us, as we are not quite sure how it should be addressed. It was sent by the children in 'Shuna,' our Junior Red Cross Home at Leura, for Elsie Mayfield, and the little girls of Frazer School who wrote to 'Shuna' after reading the article about our Homes in your NEWS. They evidently thought 'Shuna' was a township, and so their letter was some time in reaching the Home, which is situated at Leura in the Blue Mountains. The little girls who were staying at 'Shuna' when the letter reached us, had much pleasure in answering, and have enclosed a few Australian stamps.

"We should be so much obliged if you will send the letter on. We have all been most intrigued to know about the father, son, and two daughters who were at Shuna in 1936!"

Here is the letter from "Shuna." We are holding the stamps and the original for the pupils in the Frazer School, wherever it is.

"Dear Elsie Mayfield:

"I am enclosing some of our stamps. Thank you for yours.

"Fancy your meeting someone who had been to 'Shuna.' 'Shuna' is just lovely. We are right in the heart of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales. The air is marvelous and the scenery grand. We actually saw snow, too, last week. I am fourteen years old, and it is the first time I have seen snow. I was very excited, and so were all the girls here. There is not much winter. We really are mostly sunny in New South Wales.

"We hate to leave when it is time to go. One little girl went home last week and she cried and cried before she went, and said she hoped she got sick again so that she could come back. We have wonderful bush walks, and we drive to all the long distance 'sights,' and at nights we have a lovely open fire and sit round and play games, and then bed, and read, and lights out.

"Now good-by, and good luck from

"Yours,

"Beryl Illston"

The Calendar Picture

BY THIS time the boy on the Calendar probably is an independent farmer making the most of his small piece of ground. If that is so, it is nice to think that the Junior Red Cross gave him his start. For at the time I made this picture, Orlando was one of a group of boys orphaned by the World War, who found a home in a farm school in northern Italy, which was supported by money from American Juniors. The boys lived a rough but wholesome life, out of doors most of the time. They learned to care for animals, goats, sheep, donkeys and oxen, chickens and ducks, and to plant, and reap, and store for the winter. And whatever they did was with few tools and few acres.

Look at Orlando raising three crops at a time! The tree is a mulberry tree; the vine is a grape vine; and the green sprouting in the ploughed fields is wheat.—A. M. U.

The News Index is Ready

BEFORE you bind your magazines for last year, be sure to order an index. They are free for the asking. Just write to your nearest Red Cross Headquarters office, at San Francisco, St. Louis, or Washington, D. C.



Lemmings in their winter coats

S. R. OAKLEY

The Lemmings

FROM time to time Norway is invaded by thousands of strange little animals which come down from the mountains and destroy the vegetation which happens to be on their road. These little animals are the lemmings, that is to say the cousins of the field-mice which inhabit the north of Europe. They feed on plants, and prefer the mountainous regions where the juniper tree grows. They live in burrows, and hardly leave them except at night, to search for food; they eat a great deal. In winter they bury themselves under the snow to protect themselves from cold.

The mothers make a nest of grass for their little ones which are born in April, when the snow is still on the ground. They have young four or five times a year, and from five to eight at a time. The last are still blind when the first-born of the previous year have their first young.

The lemmings move about much more than one would think; they travel every year, but it is only noticeable in years when they are very numerous; in those years they seem to multiply like flies. They are everywhere—they come down the mountains by hundreds and thousands, and go blindly straight before them under a leader. They never turn aside from their road; they cross fields, forests, glaciers, rivers, lakes (they are wonderful swimmers), any kind of an obstacle; if they come across a town on their way, they go through

it. One particular year they got into the Oslo University. Separately, the lemmings are not bold, but in flocks they are quite different; they fear nothing, show their teeth and even hang on to people's legs. If a stick is used against them, they catch it with their teeth and bite so strongly that they can be lifted up with the stick.

The migrations of lemmings are the joy of birds of prey. The vultures and screech-owls come to Norway from all parts of Europe and even from Asia; they might have been warned in some mysterious way that an abundance of food awaited them.

However, nothing can prevent the multiplication of the lemmings; the more they are killed the more they seem to reproduce. Formerly, the inhabitants of the country thought they were fabulous animals that the god Woden threw from the sky.

Unlike other animals, the lemmings move without a destination; they go on until death overtakes them. When winter comes, they dig holes in the snow and press close to each other to keep warm.

Relatively few lemmings survive the winter, and among those that remain, many are stricken with disease; but the survivors continue to advance. Little ones are born, and in spite of all, the lemmings continue to live.

—From the Lithuanian Junior Red Cross Magazine

Lost and Found

A Child's Adventures in the World War

CHARLOTTE F. KETT

IF you were to read of Mary Johnson's adventures in a story book you would at once say, "They are wonderful, but they could not be true." Nevertheless, this is a true story, and the people it tells of are alive and well today. Only one name has been changed.

A quarter of a century ago, before the World War, little, three-year-old Mary Johnson lived in Windhoek, Damaraland. Damaraland was then in German Southwest Africa. Although the Johnson family lived in a part of South Africa belonging to Germany, they were British, but most of their neighbors were German. Their doctor was German, too.

Therefore, when little Mary fell ill, it was natural for their doctor to tell them of a famous sanatorium near Berlin where he felt sure she could be cured. The disease, if it went on unchecked, would make her a cripple for life.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of course, longed more than anything else to see their little girl cured; so, after serious talks, it was decided that the mother would stay home to look after the two other children, and that the father would leave his business and take the sick child on the long voyage to Germany.

Arrived in Berlin, Mr. Johnson took Mary to be examined by the skilled doctor in charge of the sanatorium. The great man in the white gown looked grave; Mary's case was serious—serious but not hopeless. She could be cured, but it might take a long time.

Mr. Johnson stayed until he saw that his little girl was happy and contented in her new surroundings, and then went back to South Africa. He had his living to earn.

Before he went, the father had a talk with Mary's favorite nurse. "You will keep your eye on Mary, won't you?" he said. "She seems such a wee thing to leave alone in a strange land! Mrs. Johnson and I will both feel easier in our minds if we know that you are looking out for her.

"And please write us as often as ever you can—not just an official report, but all the little things that parents love to hear."

The nurse, Sister Margarethe, who already loved her small patient, agreed readily enough. But little did the father realize what he was asking; little did the nurse know what she was promising, and least of all did baby Mary dream of the perilous adventures that were to befall her before she would see her Daddy again.

A year passed. Mary was improving. The months of a second year went slowly by. Mary was getting better and better. Then in July, 1914, came the good news that Mary was well enough to come home. Eagerly Mrs. Johnson packed her trunk for the voyage to Europe.

The other children were older now, their father could manage, and the family needed every penny he could make for these extra expenses.

But before Mrs. Johnson could sail, headlines appeared: "Germany Invades Belgium." The World War had begun.

Troubles fell thick and fast on the poor Johnson family after that. Mr. Johnson, a British subject in German territory, was imprisoned in a concentration camp. Mrs. Johnson had all she could do to provide and care for her two other children.

Then, as a crowning calamity, their home burned to the ground, and with it went all the papers and records of Mary's stay in the sanatorium.

Mrs. Johnson was no longer allowed to send money to pay for Mary's care. The authorities were suspicious. "But it is my little girl. She has been there for nearly two years, being cured. We have always sent money . . ." she pleaded.

"Ach, so?" said the man in the uniform. "Then bring me some papers to prove it!"

"But my house burned down; I have no papers," the desperate mother explained.

"A likely tale!" scoffed the official. "You will have to produce a better story than that to explain this business of an enemy alien wanting to send money to Germany. How do we know what it is to be used for?"

The exaggerated, inhuman suspicions of

war-time cut the family off from their child. There was no way to get news.

But far away, at the Red Cross Sanatorium near Berlin, Sister Margarethe did not falter in her trust. She loved her small charge no less because the child's father had, overnight, become an "enemy alien."

She persuaded the sanatorium to keep Mary there until they heard from her parents.

The day came, however, when the sanatorium had to be turned into a military hospital; Sister Margarethe was called up for war service, and there was nothing else to do but send Mary to a Children's Home. The two friends parted.

As the war went on, the blockade around Germany made it more and more difficult to get food. Charitable institutions had a desperately hard time feeding their inmates; so, when a woman offered to take a little girl from the Children's Home, the home was only too thankful. They let her have Mary.

Then we do not know what happened. Mary's own memory of these terrible years is mercifully dim. She only knows that there was a great deal of hard work, floors to scrub, and almost nothing to eat.

This life of hardship brought on her old trouble again. All the patient work of the skilled doctors and nurses at the sanatorium was undone. Crippling disease attacked her spine and she once more became a sick, miserable scrap of humanity—but this time with a difference. Now nobody cared.

Then, one day, Sister Margarethe, on leave in Berlin, saw a forlorn little girl on the opposite side of the street. The child seemed so pathetic that the nurse crossed over to look at her closely. Carefully she scanned the features of the wan little derelict. She stooped, raising the child's face to hers, then "Mary!" she cried, and caught the ragged waif to her breast.

Sister Margarethe had not forgotten the promise. She took the child home with her, shared her short rations with her, and stayed awake until late into the night wondering how best she could help her.

What the child needed, she knew, was rest, loving care and good food. But how could these things be obtained for her in war-worn Germany? There was scarcely any food of any kind, let alone good food.

"The Red Cross. . . ." Sister Margarethe sat bolt upright in bed to think better. She tossed back her blonde plaits and drew in a quick breath. The Red Cross! That was it! The Red Cross arranged the exchange of war prisoners. She would persuade them that poor little Mary was a sort of war prisoner, and have her exchanged! In that way the child might get home again.

So people were interviewed, letters written and forms filled in, and the small British girl was at length exchanged for a full-fledged German officer.

The last that the faithful nurse saw of her young friend, she was leaving for Holland.



Sister Margarethe is standing second from the right, with the staff of the Sanatorium near Berlin where Mary was cared for

For the next twenty years, Sister Margarethe heard nothing more about Mary Johnson.

What actually happened was this—Mary was shipped to England where, sick and miserable, she was sent to Lord Mayor Treloar's Hospital for Crippled Children at Alton in beautiful Hampshire.

Mary, though now well-cared for in England was, for a time, even lonelier than she had been in Germany, for she had forgotten her English. She could tell but little of her own story. But gradually, despite all the wartime confusion, papers concerning the little lost cripple came to light, and the authorities pieced the puzzle together.

The child was identified, and the High Commissioner for South Africa cabled her parents.

Meanwhile, unknown to Mary, a cousin of hers, a young South African soldier, had been wounded in the war and transferred to a hospital in England where he was lying in darkness. No one knew whether he would ever see again.

Then the armistice was declared. No armistice could restore the young man's sight, but it did set the Johnson family thinking how they could make sure that the child at Alton was really their Mary, and how they could bring her home again.

Now, to interest people in the work done for cripples at his hospital, Lord Mayor Treloar used to put a page in each number of *Arthur Mee's Magazine*, forerunner of *The Children's Newspaper*, telling the story of one of the patients. After the Armistice, Mary's story appeared with her photograph.

There she lay, propped up on pillows in her white iron bedstead, her dark, stubby pigtails falling each side of her serious, young face, her big, intelligent eyes looking straight at you beneath level brows. This ten-year-old child naturally looked very different from the toddler Mr. Johnson had parted from in Berlin. Was she the same child?

The magazine containing the photograph crossed the seas to a South African subscriber, and found its way to Mary's aunt. Her first thought was that she would send it to her soldier son in England and ask him to go and see if this really were Mary. Then there was a stab of pain in her heart as she remembered how cruel that word "see" might be.

Joy! Word came that the long months of doubt were past. Her boy's sight was restored. Quickly she wrote him and enclosed the picture of Mary. Would he try to see the child, talk with her, and verify the strange story?

At once, on leaving the hospital, this young man went straight to Alton. At the desk marked "Enquiries" he held out the photograph. Could he please see this little girl?

It is not hard to imagine the eager look in his eyes as the white-aproned nurse led him down the interminable line of white beds on the thousand-foot-long veranda where he met the friendly grins of some two hundred young sun-bathers in starched white hats.

Then he reached Mary. Yes, she had, without doubt, "the Johnson look."

"Hello, Mary," he said. "I'm your cousin—just out of hospital myself; so I thought I'd look you up. Your picture is in this magazine; that's how I found you. Exciting, isn't it? Quite like a fairy tale!"

And so it came about that Mary Johnson, for five years the innocent victim of the madness called war, came at last to her home.

Now, twenty years after, comes a postscript to the story. The present writer, wanting to make sure that she had the threads of the story straight, went to Arthur Mee to find out if he knew any more about Mary. Yes, he knew that she was alive and well.

"But the person I've always wanted to find," he said, "is that nurse. There was a true follower of Florence Nightingale, if ever there was one—a glorious representative of the Red Cross! And we don't know whether she is alive or dead; we don't even know her full name. I will give anybody ten dollars who brings me news of that nurse."

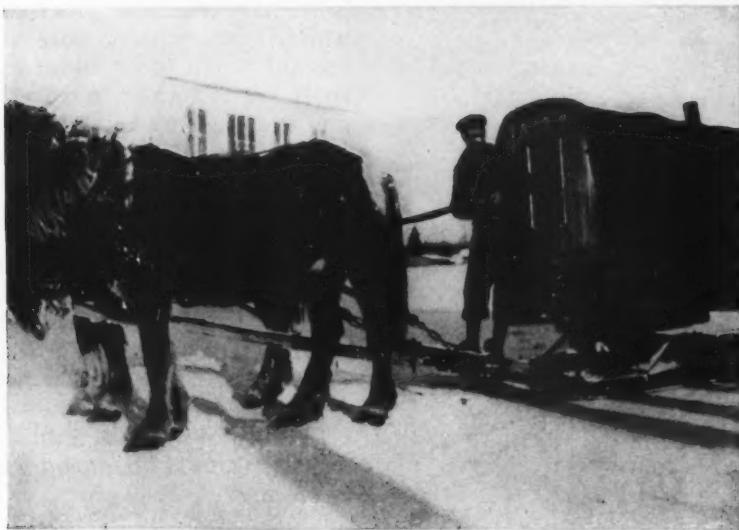
Once more the Red Cross went into action. The League of Red Cross Societies sent Mr. Mee's request to the German Red Cross. The German Red Cross printed what was known of the story with the question, "Who Knows About This?"

Three nurses answered. They had all known little Mary. One of them sent a charming, faded snapshot of the staff of the sanatorium near Berlin where Mary was cared for. Then, one day, Sister Margarethe herself called at Red Cross Headquarters in Berlin.

When Arthur Mee learned the nurse's full name, Fraülein Margarethe Kaumann, he cabled at once to Miss Johnson.

"Yes . . . and the ten dollars?" I asked.

"Here they are," he said, "for the Junior Red Cross. I should like to have them spent for some poor mite of humanity who has been cut off from her dear ones by that most incredible of all forms of human stupidity, war . . . some little Spanish Mary Johnson of today."



The South Forks, Wisconsin Juniors are driven to school in this "bus" during the winter

Wisconsin Pioneers

The school at South Forks, Wisconsin, sent a correspondence album to a school in Poland, the old country of some of the fathers and mothers of the pupils.

SOUTH FORKS can be considered a pioneer community even yet, because it is only twenty-five years old.

The first settler that came to this part of Wisconsin came in 1911. At that time, this region was forest-covered, and very wild. Animals such as bears, coyotes, wolves, and foxes roamed the woods.

There were no roads at all, only a few paths made by fishermen and by animals.

Among the oldest of our settlers are Mr. Rybarczyk, Mr. Zubeck, and Mr. Gierlock. They came in 1911 and built their homes in the wilderness. The next year a few more families arrived. At that time, oxen were used instead of horses. Until roads were built, the men had to carry their supplies on their backs from Hawkins, six miles away.

Slowly more settlers came until today South Forks has over three hundred people.

At the present time, we have two stores, a tavern, and several sawmills. The north store is run by Sister Kramer while the east store is operated by Mrs. Frances Fox. These stores are helpful, not only because they furnish supplies for the farmers, but because they

purchase such products as eggs and cream.

The town hall is located near the north store. It is used for town meetings, elections, and community club programs. The building used to be the primary room of our school until the present school building was made a few years ago. The town hall contains a voting booth, a table, benches, and folding chairs. This year the walls were painted. It was moved from this schoolhouse the first part of 1935. The men of the town donated their time and their teams of horses to move the town hall.

There is a great deal of standing timber around South Forks. Years ago many large lumber camps operated in our town. Last year again, logging activities were carried out. There were four different groups cutting and hauling timber from our forests all winter long, but the camps broke up when spring came. It was fun to visit at the camps.

Our first school was built in 1912. It was a one-room schoolhouse which was used as a church on Sundays. The teachers' desk was used as the pulpit. Since that time, two additional rooms, three cloak rooms, an office, and two indoor toilet rooms have been added; so that today we have a very nice school.

This year many improvements were made. The floors were waxed, the building was painted outside and inside, the seats and desks were varnished, and new equipment



"Ready for some fun"

was purchased. We are most proud of our piano, which is in the grammar grade room. The primary room also contains the organ.



This is "The Teacherage"

We have two buses which carry the children who live two miles or more from school. One has the north route and the other the south route. The former is driven by Joe Pivora, and the other by Mr. Wisnewski. In the fall and spring, cars or covered wagons are used, but in the winter, covered sleighs are used.

A small stove in each keeps the children warm.

For nearly a week last winter, neither bus could get to school, because of the drifted roads. The attendance was cut in half. Many children, and our teachers, too, came to school on skis until the snow plow came through, and cleared the roads.

Skiing and snowball fighting were our main sports. Our ski champion was Florian Moszkewicz.

Mr. Maksyn and his son Billie are our janitors. Among other things, they start fires, carry in wood, sweep the floors, and keep the blackboards clean. Mr. Maksyn takes care of all the school property, and repairs whatever is broken in the school building and on the grounds.

Our teachers are Miss Wald, Mrs. Nelson, and Miss Polgar. Miss Wald teaches grades four, five, and six. Mrs. Nelson teaches grades one, two, and three. Miss Polgar is the principal, and teaches grades seven and eight. We have eight in grade eight and ten pupils in grade seven.

Of these eighteen, ten are boys.

In the whole school we have sixty-seven pupils. A few years ago there used to be over one hundred children in school, but in the last few years there are fewer each succeeding year.

We have done some work under our Junior Red Cross leadership. At Christmas we carved and painted such gifts as toys, breadboards, and hot-pot holders.

On March thirteenth, a group of six and our principal journeyed to Ladysmith, twenty-seven miles away, to appear on a Junior Red Cross program.

The group of three couples danced the Polish polka. They wore Polish costumes.

The dancers were Verna Copija, Adam Gryga, Dorothy Niewazny, Stanley Copya, Barbara Plaza, and Florian Moszkewicz. They enjoyed being on the program and seeing the other numbers.



Junior Red Cross and "Winter Help"

EVANGELICAL PRIMARY SCHOOL, PENZIG, GERMANY

"WINTERHILFSWERK" — "Winter help!" It is a word understood by everyone in Germany. Every German knows what it means. The unfortunate know it better than anyone, for since the existence of the "Winter Help" their rooms are heated, and they no longer suffer from hunger. Our leader, Adolf Hitler, created this gigantic work, for which we, children of the Junior Red Cross, have drawn posters. Each one gives what he can, either money, clothes, food, or fuel. Thus we are grateful to be able to take part in this great work, following our motto, "I Serve."

Our industrious, clever, and also often awkward, hands have been employed in transforming old things that we have brought from home: coats, aprons, bibs, little shirts, underwear, and many other things. With oddments of wool we have crocheted berets and little vests. We were proud to be able to give the "Winter Help" a large quantity of nice things.

One fine day in October we went to the fields with hoes, baskets and a wheelbarrow, to gather potatoes. It was a pleasure to see how hard everyone worked to fill his basket quickly; we gave the "Winter Help" several quintals which were distributed to the poor of our town.

Another time, we organized a lottery. We brought things from home, we made others

and we made some large posters on which it said, "Lottery! Tickets, five, ten, and fifteen pfennigs! All tickets are winners." At the end of a few days all the tickets were sold; the children literally fell upon them. When the day of the drawing arrived, there was a big crowd in the hall of the school. Everyone had a happy face, for all had won something. We too were happy, for we were able to give many marks to the "Winter Help."

In our country, the finest holiday is Christmas. Everyone tries to give something to those he loves. We wished to give pleasure to poor children. But the fourth-year children, who worked for this, must tell about it:

"One day we arrived at school, when our teacher said, 'We are going to find a way to give pleasure to poor children who receive nothing at Christmas.' Someone said, 'We can collect toys.' Then the whole class called out very loud, 'Yes, yes, that is a good idea.' The next morning many children brought lovely toys to school, for example, a cat that miauwed, a little dog with a bell round his neck, a tiny swing on which a little doll was seated. 'But Grete, what a lot of things you have brought!' There was almost a whole doll's room. Certainly everything was not whole. One child brought a doll's bed without an end; another a kitchen cupboard with

a drawer missing; a doll, poor thing! which had legs dangling loosely. It had to be sent to the doll doctor. It was soon repaired, and only lacked clothes. There were chairs with broken legs, a table which had lost one. All these things were put together and the boys of the first class undertook to repair them."

The big boys relate, "Hand work—a very agreeable lesson! Today the girls brought a big cardboard box full of broken toys; we were to repair them. We did this with great care. The class was very lively. The walls of dolls' rooms were cut out in cardboard; pasted and covered with colored paper. We also made some new furniture; we cut them out of wood, glued, nailed and painted them. Soon all was ready, and we looked proudly at the work we had done; the poor children who get these presents will be pleased."

The last Sunday before Christmas, the distribution took place in a large hall. How the parents' eyes shone when they received food and clothing. The children received their presents with great joy. We, the members of

the Junior Red Cross, acted a Nativity play, in which the little children, dressed as angels, danced very prettily. We also sang and recited poetry. Everyone was in a real Christmas mood.

Naturally, our Junior Red Cross group works for the "Winter Help" every time they need children to help. We help at the canteen where the lunch is prepared for poor children, and we are happy when they find it good. Soon we shall arrange an evening party for our parents and other guests. There will be a program of gymnastics, dancing, music and singing. We hope that by making a collection among the audience we shall obtain some money for the "Winter Help."

What we are doing, other Junior Red Cross groups are doing, too. They are always ready to serve the "Winter Help" with all their strength. It is the desire of our loved and respected leader, it is our duty to serve our country, it is the motto of the Junior Red Cross, "I Serve."

—From "Juniors All! Our Book, Our Very Own Book"

News About Ourselves

SAN JOAQUIN County, California, schools follow closely the suggestions in the PROGRAM. When in March they read, "Undertake a 'community beautiful' project. Ask all members to cooperate in keeping school grounds, streets, public parks, and their own yards clean. . . . Start a Junior Red Cross informal garden . . ." they asked a member of the Women's Community League to come to their Presidents' Cabinet meeting. Since the Community League is also emphasizing the idea of "community beautiful" a speaker was glad to talk to the Juniors. She told how the J. R. C. could help in beautifying their school, home and community surroundings, and presented each member of the Cabinet with a package of flower seeds. At the following meeting, all members were asked to report whether they had helped to beautify their school grounds, their home garden, or just a vacant lot.

The picture on page 26 shows the J. R. C. Presidents' Cabinet, representing Councils from all over the county. Presidents and secretaries of the school Councils are eligible.

Some special community activity is featured at every Cabinet meeting. The speaker

may be a member of the law enforcement group, a traffic officer, or perhaps a representative of local women's or service clubs. Through these talks, the Juniors learn of definite ways in which they can help in their communities.

CIGARETTES wrapped in red cellophane packages, topped with tiny silk flags, were sent to men in the Naval Hospital at Newport, Rhode Island, by the J. R. C. of Pawtucket. Writing to thank the Juniors, the field director at the hospital said:

We were so delighted to receive the box of tray favors for Armistice day. The favors were rather unusual, and they added a great deal to the appearance of each one of the trays. The patients, needless to say, were delighted.

You asked if the number you sent was sufficient, or whether we would like a larger number. We do not want to appear greedy, but we would like to have at least one hundred, and we believe that would take care of the patients who are here on holidays. The men who are able to leave the hospital are frequently given preference to go home for the day, at least.

AMONG the high-school Junior Red Cross members at the Convention last May, were a

boy and a girl from the Puerto Rican Chapter. José A. Alvarez from the town of Arroyo, made this speech at the Junior delegates' dinner:

"From sunny Puerto Rico—from fields ever verdant, from the shores of the romantic Caribbean, from the isle of enchantment which a poet of ours has likened to 'an emerald on the blue breast of the sea'—I bring a sincere message of salutation to you.

"It is quite an honor to represent the Juniors of Puerto Rico on this occasion. The bonds of a common citizenship unite us all. The folds of one common glorious flag protect us all. Although the last to come in point of time under the folds of Old Glory, our community is none-the-less the oldest of all American communities in point of Christian civilization. Ours is the only American soil where Columbus, the great Admiral, ever set foot. Ours is a civilization already mellowed with age when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620. Our oldest church, the beautiful cathedral at San Juan, dates from the year 1511. In this cathedral, the remains of Ponce de Leon—the conqueror of Florida and the founder of our community—are kept in a marble monument. And his ancient house—Casa Blanca—still looks, in the white beauty of its lineaments, on the harbor entrance of San Juan.

"Romance and adventure have combined to make of ours a very interesting history. For centuries we were the advanced post of Spanish civilization in the New World. We were the vanguard of Spain. Puerto Rico, in the distant past, was the nursery of great 'conquistadores.' We repulsed the Dutch once, and the English twice. In 1797 the English were defeated at Fort San Geronimo. From the captured English cannon a bronze statue of Ponce de Leon was made, and it now stands fronting San José church.

"As a people, we are poor. Under the wise and humanitarian leadership of President Roosevelt we hope to emerge from a terrible condition. We are now beginning a new era under him. All honor to President Roosevelt!

"Many more things could I tell you about



Juniors of Robertson Academy, Nashville, Tennessee, had an exhibit in a shop window at Roll Call time

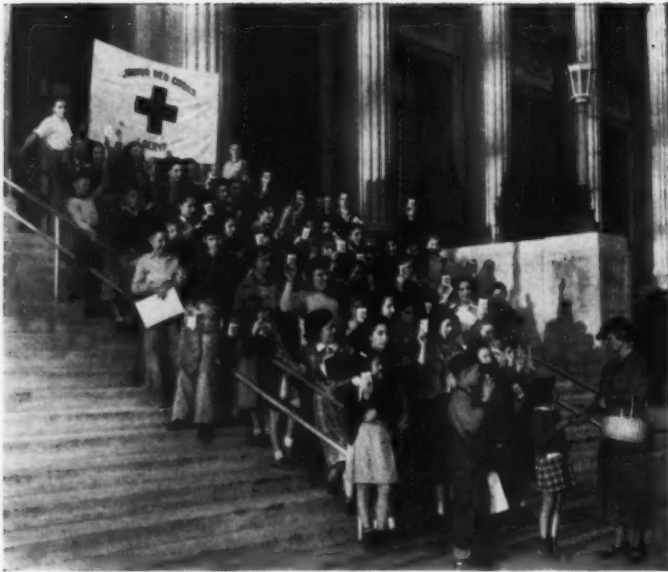
Puerto Rico, but I have not the time at my disposal. Come down to us, so that you may see. Our hearts will give you all a warm reception, and if you come to my home town, Arroyo, I will proudly show you the house where the great American inventor, Samuel F. B. Morse lived, and where he perfected his famous invention—the telegraph—establishing the first telegraph line in the world. The little table he used in his experiments is kept there as a relic by a close friend of the Morse family.

"I thank you."

ROBERTSON Academy, Nashville, Tennessee, is active in Junior Red Cross work, and during Roll Call members there decided to show the town what the J. R. C. activities are all about. They asked permission to use a window of the Joy Floral Shop one Saturday afternoon, and in that window they gave a demonstration of all the activities carried on in the school. From the picture on this page you see that the members themselves formed a group in the window, all working on different projects. Some were making scrapbooks, some favors for men in government hospitals, others were reconditioning toys and making new ones for Christmas giving.

A similar plan was worked out by members in Erie, Pennsylvania, where a First Aid window helped to create interest in Roll Call. Juniors demonstrated different types of bandages in a downtown store window for several days.

In Lafayette, Louisiana, city and rural schools make posters and write essays as their share of annual Roll Call help to the Chapter.



The "Presidents' Cabinet" of the J.R.C. meets every month in Stockton, California. Presidents and secretaries of school councils are eligible

The best essay is always broadcast over the radio.

The Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter at Philadelphia, arranged a Junior Red Cross booth which was visited by thousands of people. They followed more or less the same plan as that used by the Nashville Juniors in their Roll Call window, for at the booth Juniors were busy making favors for Thanksgiving

and Christmas, boys from McCall School made clothing, and a group from the Girard College did their manual training work.

"THE JUNIOR Red Cross and Winter Help," written by members of a school in Penzig, Germany, is one of a collection of stories, articles, and poems, in "Our Book, Our Very Own Book." Every bit of material in the collection was written by members of the J. R. C. More than thirty countries are represented with stories of their national life and customs, folk lore, history, current national events, as well as of Junior Red Cross activities. Two plays, one written by Juniors of Siam, and the other by members in England, are included, too.

The book is published by the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris, but if you would like to have a copy, and will send fifty cents to National Headquarters at Washington, D. C., we will be glad to order it for you.

THE MANUAL training department of the Johnson Lockett School in New Orleans made standards for the school's Red Cross flags. The school Council presented these Juniors with a flag for their own room.

News About Our Friends

As soon as the weather turned cold last fall, the J. R. C. at Summer Cove, Mankota, Saskatchewan, served hot cocoa to each child every day. Later on, hot lunches of vegetables, a milk pudding or soup, were served until warm weather returned.

These Juniors have a fine general program, too. Any member who happens to be absent from school on account of sickness is provided with reading material and interesting letters from the rest of the members. Scrap-books, coloring books, and jigsaw puzzles are made and sent to the J. R. C. Hospital at Regina, along with some toys and story-books at Christmas time.

During the winter days, when it was too cold to play outdoors, the members used a part of their recesses and lunch hours hooking a rag rug, which was later sold for eighteen

dollars. Part of the money was used to buy a new first-aid kit for the school, a bat and ball, and some of the food to be used in the hot lunches. The rest was given to the senior Red Cross.

THE J. R. C. of the Third Elementary School for Girls at Kosire, Prague, Czechoslovakia, paid a visit to the Children's Hospital at Prague, bringing gifts of fruit, toys, and books. An entertainment was given for the children, too. A girl of the fourth class read parts of "Mickey Mouse," and made the sick children laugh a great deal. Another recited a poem about animals, and ten amusing health rules were read.

THE *Sind Junior Red Cross News* of India reports that members at Karachi have



Prague Juniors bringing gifts to a Children's Hospital

adopted a school for the blind, and take turns looking after blind pupils. The Juniors play indoor games with them, teach them gymnastics, read newspapers with them, and give them dictation.

THE JUNIORS all over Lithuania devote a good part of their time to making by hand small articles in the best traditions of Lithuanian national art, to give to their friends in the United States as Christmas presents. The number of their consignments increases each year, and they are hoping soon to be able to send as many Christmas boxes to America as they receive themselves.

WRITING to thank the Lincoln School at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, for Christmas boxes, the Beguinage School at Enghien, Hainaut, Belgium, said:

We are very appreciative of the two pretty boxes that you sent to our school for Christmas.

We are hastening to send you in our turn a box of small objects which we have made ourselves. There is also a little man with a large plumed hat who is a clown from Binche.

Binche is a city in our province of Hainaut, where at carnival time there is a great pa-

rade of masqueraders with more than two hundred clowns in costume who carry baskets of oranges. The hat of one clown may cost more than a thousand francs. On that day all of Belgium and many strangers go to this town because this spectacle is so magnificent.

There are dances from morning till night and the clowns throw thousands of oranges. We hope this little story from our folklore will interest you.

You will see in the design on our letter paper the tower of the church in our city which is especially beautiful.

Receive, dear little friends, together with our thanks, our best wishes for the New Year.

THE JUNIORS of Bailovo took part in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Bulgarian Red Cross in the village. They formed part of the parade which went from the church, after a service, to the school, where the official celebration took place. The headmaster of the school gave a talk on the history of the Red Cross society and the Juniors gave a play, "In My Father's House," followed by songs and recitations.

MEMBERS of the Argenteuil group in France provide supplies for the children's clothing depot of their town.



Juniors of the Municipal Elementary School, Marjtkörut, Budapest, preparing for a Christmas bazaar. The carved sticks are garden markers



A great tree stood in a dark, marshy forest. No bird lived nor built a nest on it. There was not a single squirrel in all the forest. Mosquitoes and flies buzzed there in the damp air.

In time, the tree grew old. It fell and sank into the black swamp. Big lizards crawled over it. It was covered with water. Sand and clay piled upon it and buried it deeper and deeper. The heavy sand and clay pressed down on the trunk until the wood became as hard as stone.

The same thing happened to the other trees in the dark, marshy forest. Hundreds of years passed. The bog was covered over with earth and dried up. Men settled on it. They built towns and villages. Nobody knew that dead trees were buried deep in the earth under them.

One day miners dug a big hole in the ground. They found the black, buried forest. "Oh, pit coal!" they said with joy.

A Story of Coal

Picture by Dick Hedges (13 years old)

Soon the old, dead trees came back to the top of the ground under the bright sun. They began a new life.

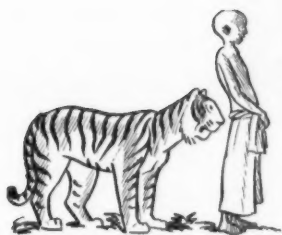
A piece of one of the trunks was brought into a kitchen. It helped the cook to make the soup and bake the cake. Another piece was put into the coal basket near a fireplace. Grandmother made a fire in the room and threw that piece into it. The children watched the flames dance on the walls.

A third piece found its way into a gas works. There it was made red hot in a tightly closed tank and turned into a gas. This gas was taken under the ground in long iron pipes which led up into street lamps and into houses. Then it was lighted and the streets and the rooms became bright, even in the darkest nights. A fourth piece of coal was put into a railway engine.

When pit coal burns, it has a merry tune, just as people have at a wedding or other feast. When coal burns it is changed into a gas which you can not see. This gas passes into the open air through the chimney and rises up to the clouds. Carried by the wind, it travels back to the forest.

But this forest is a happier and more beautiful one than the dark, marshy one where the coal began. Sweet-smelling flowers grow there and birds sing on the branches. Children come to play under the trees. The sun shines through the branches.

—From the Lithuanian Junior Red Cross Magazine



Brahmin, Tiger, and Jackal

A Legend of India

Pictures by Kurt Wiese



One day a Brahmin was taking a walk and met a tiger who was imprisoned in a strong cage. He had been caught and put in the cage by the inhabitants of the village.

"Oh, Brother Brahmin, Brother Brahmin," cried the tiger, "be so kind as to set me free. I should like to have a drop of water, I am so thirsty, and there is none in the cage."

"Brother Tiger," said the Brahmin, "I am afraid that if I set you free you will rush upon me and eat me up."

"No, no, Brother Brahmin, never would I act so unjustly. Please set me free for just a short while. I long for some drops of water, oh, only a few drops. Do be kind, Brother Brahmin."

The Brahmin opened the door of the cage. The tiger leaped out and at once rushed upon him, intending to eat him up.

"Brother Tiger," said the Brahmin, "you promised not to do that. It would be unjust and unfair to eat me up for I have set you free."

"It seems quite just and fair to me," said the tiger, "and I shall devour you."

But the Brahmin continued to argue, insisting on the tiger's promise, and at last succeeded in persuading the tiger to wait until he had asked the first five creatures whom they happened to meet whether it was right for him to eat up the Brahmin.

The first creature they met was a banana plant growing by the roadside.

"Brother Banana," asked the Brahmin, "is it fair and just for Tiger to eat me up? I have just let him out of his cage."

The banana plant looked down upon them and said in a weary voice:

"In summer when the sun is scorching hot, people come and sit in my shade. They appease their hunger with my fruits. But in the evening they cut down my stalks, break my foliage, and throw stones at my top. People are a low breed. The tiger may eat the Brahmin."

The tiger was ready to rush upon the Brahmin but the latter said: "Wait a bit, wait a bit! We have only asked one creature. We must ask four more."

They went on. Soon they saw an old bull lying in the road. The Brahmin approached the bull and asked:

"Brother Bull, Brother Bull, do you think it would be fair if the tiger ate me up? I have just freed him from his cage."

The bull looked at them and said in a deep, growling voice:

"I was once young and strong. My master treated me cruelly. I dragged heavy cartloads. Now I am old and worn out. I can't work any more. My master leaves me without food and drink to die here on the highway. People are an ungrateful race."



"The tiger may eat the Brahmin"

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The tiger again started to leap upon the Brahmin, but the latter jumped aside and said:

"Oh, Brother Tiger, this was only the second one and we agreed to ask five."

They went on and soon noticed an eagle flying high in the air. The Brahmin shouted to him:

"Oh, Brother Eagle, Brother Eagle! Tell us, do you think it would be fair for the tiger to eat me up? I have just let him out of a cage."

The eagle flew lower and said in a clear voice:

"I live high in the air. I do no harm to people. But as soon as they find my dwelling place, they throw stones at my children, they destroy my nest, and try to kill me with arrows. People are a wild breed. The tiger may eat the Brahmin."

They went still further and met a crocodile who was lying in the mud on

the bank of the river.

"Brother Crocodile, is it fair for the tiger to eat me up? I have just set him free from a cage."

The old crocodile turned around several times in the mud, snorted and sniffed and said to them:

"I lie all day long here in the mud, as innocent as a dove. I don't hurt people. But still, whenever they see me, they throw stones at me, prick me with long pikes and annoy me in every way. People are cruel. The tiger may eat the Brahmin."

The tiger wanted to eat the Brahmin at once.

"Please wait till we have asked the fifth. Let us wait for the fifth!" pleaded the Brahmin.

They went on and soon met a jackal.

"Oh, Brother Jackal," said the Brahmin, "do tell us your opinion. Do you really think it would be fair if the tiger ate me up? I have set him free from his prison."

"I am sorry," said the little jackal. "I am a bit stupid and don't understand very well. Will you tell me once more what happened?"

"Do you think," asked the Brahmin, "that the tiger has the right to crush me

when I have set him free from his cage?"

"From what cage?" asked the jackal.

"From a cage where he was imprisoned," said the Brahmin.

"It is not very clear to me, for you haven't explained very well. If you want my opinion, please explain in detail. What kind of a cage was it?"

"What kind of a cage?" said the Brahmin wonderingly. "Why it was an average cage with iron bars."

"That is not an explanation," said the jackal. "I would understand at once, however, if you would show me the cage."

So they all went back to the cage.

"Well, please explain just how it was," said the little jackal. "Where were you, Brother Brahmin?"

"I was walking here on the road," said the Brahmin.

"And you, Brother Tiger, where were you?" asked the jackal.

"Where? In the cage, of course; that is easy to understand," growled the tiger.

"Oh, I am awfully sorry, Father Tiger," said the little jackal. "I am really a fool and don't yet understand clearly. You must have patience with me. I should like to know in what position you were in the cage. Were you standing or . . ."

"No, I was sitting here," said the tiger, entering the cage.

"Oh, thank you . . . many thanks," said the jackal. "Now the matter is clearing up a little. But still—I beg your pardon for asking—why couldn't you come out of the cage unassisted?"

"Don't you see that this door kept me in?" asked the tiger.

"Oh, I am awfully sorry. I am really a great fool, but I never understand things very well until I have seen them exactly as they were. Will you please be so kind as to show me exactly how the door works, how it shuts and opens? I am sure I will then be able to understand."

"It shuts thus," said the Brahmin, shutting the door.

"Well, but I don't see the lock," said the jackal. "Is it locked from the outside or inside?"

"The door locks in this way," said the Brahmin, locking the door.

"Oh, does it really?" said the little jackal, wonderingly. "Does it? Well, Brother Brahmin, the door is locked now and I advise you to leave it locked. And as for you," the jackal continued, addressing the tiger, "I advise you to wait until you find someone else to set you free again."

Then the jackal made a low bow to the Brahmin and said, "Good-by, brother! You go this way and I that. So long!"

—From Estonian Junior Red Cross Magazine.





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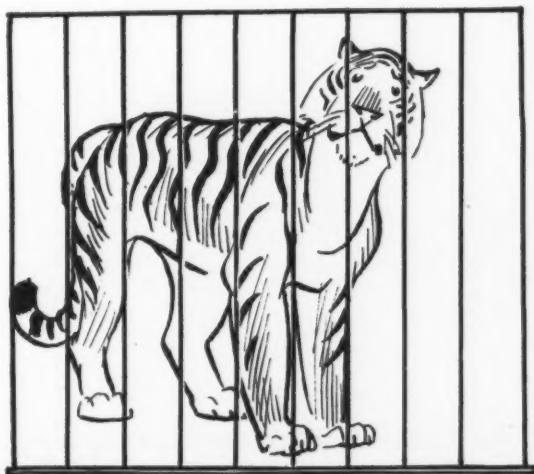
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Roll Call, November 11 to 25

Juniors always help. Ask your local chapter what you can do

